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The Assassins.



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Chapter 1 by lcraft68

We are a special group. When I mean special I mean REALLY special! We have been bullied and depressed and I think it's time we step it up. We have a list of five bullies who need to be taught a lesson. My name is Grim. Most of my friends call me the Grim Reaper. Why? Well my name already says it. We are a group of three called the assassins. Here are the names of the bullies:

Tom belch

Chris lincoln

Samuel pie

skipper wood

kit swing

These are the 5 students who need to be taught a lesson. The first is tom.

First day. I went to the alley yesterday. Mike met me there. He is one of the assassins. He managed to grab a long silver knife from his dad's hunting pack. "good luck", mike gave me an evil grin. I frowned. I always frown and I'm never happy. This is fun. I go to school and notice tom

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took out my walkie talkie and turned it on. "He's finished." I walked out of the bathroom with blood in my hands. I carefully licked it off. It tasted really good. I was hungry for more.

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